The Four of Us with Nothing Better to Do by brokenpromisesandhope

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Kali and Nancy and Jonathan and Steve go on a date.

The Four of Us with Nothing Better to Do

Author's Note:

> Hey y'all this was based on two Tumblr prompts I got and I decided to add in a convo that I'd had with a friend on Tumblr. I rarely write in canon cause homophobia is too much but I think this is adorable. Everyone's gay and adorable. comment and kudos
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Jonathan and Kali are already sitting at the back booth when Steve and Nancy walk in. Nancy looks good, Kali thinks, she always looks good. Her short hair up in a pink scrunchie, wearing a white sweater and light wash jeans. Kali wishes she could do nothing more than wrap her arms around Nancy's slim waist and kiss her senseless. But they're in public. So she just stands up and waves, and gives Steve, her "boyfriend" a hug. He kisses her cheek. He looks good, hair perfectly styled, in what she knows is one of Jonathan's sweatshirts because the arms are entirely too long for him. Out of the corner of her eye, Nancy is hugging Jonathan, and she kisses his cheek softly. Kali wonders if she's wearing her favorite watermelon lip gloss tonight.

Finally the "couples" sit down, and Kali's hand is on Nancy's thigh before she can even pick up the menu. Nancy giggles at that, and turns to look at Kali, biting her lip. Nancy is beautiful. Her eyelashes are long and black, her eyeliner thin and precise and perfect. She's got blush high on her cheeks and just a dab of pink gloss on her lips. Kali wants to count her freckles.

"What are you looking at?" Kali asks quietly.

"Something beautiful."

Kali squeezes her thigh and turns back to her menu. Steve and Jonathan's voices are getting higher and higher because Steve keeps arguing that Jonathan should order cheese fries so Steve can have them.

“Why don’t you order cheese fries?” Asks Jonathan.

“Because I want onion rings,” Steve says whiningly.

“Well you’re just gonna have to choose,” says Jonathan.

“What a good boyfriend you are,” he mumbles under his breath turning back to the menu.

The girls laugh at him, and decide what they want and it’s not long before the waitress comes up to them,

“What can I get you guys?” She asks, with a snap of her gum.

Kali orders the double bacon cheeseburger, with well done fries, or Nancy will eat them all, and an extra pickle, for Nancy. Nancy orders a chocolate milkshake and a grilled cheese. When it’s Steve’s turn, her poutily orders a mushroom and swiss burger with onion rings, and his face lights up when Jonathan orders a plain hamburger with a side of extra large cheese fries.

“See, you do love me!” says Steve quietly, even as he reaches out to hold Kali’s hand across the table, because he needs to remember his place.

Steve wishes he could do nothing more than hang all over Jonathan. Wrap an arm around his shoulders, his waist, rest his head on his shoulder, ruffle his hair, kiss his forehead, his neck. He likes him so much. It’s such bullshit. The fact that they can’t be together in public. The fact that this whole stupid ass town is homophobic. His only solace is that his best friend happens to be gay too. They’d come up with this whole fake dating scenario while they were drunk one night, still pretending to be dating, in Nancy’s room.

She’d stolen some vodka out of her mom’s liquor cabinet and they were sipping on that and diet coke, sitting on the slant of the roof, right outside her bedroom window. Nancy liked boys and girls, she didn’t know what that made her, and when she’d announced she’d had sex the previous weekend, at some party at the college, their friend Kali had invited her too, he assumed it was a boy. Until she tipsily admitted it had been Kali and the girl had a wicked tongue.

She'd blushed as she'd said it, but Steve knew she meant it, knew she loved getting eaten out, and knew how attractive Kali was. It's not until a few drinks later when he admits Jonathan is good with his fingers, and Nancy nearly tosses him off the roof, because they're supposed to tell each other everything dammit.

It's neither here nor there that Nancy hadn't told him about her sexcapades. They both gush over the other, how Jonathan is actually really cool and has great taste in music. He'd made Steve a mixtape and he adored it. Nancy had stated how Kali had let her wear her leather jacket home and it made her feel warm and protected. The thing was, no matter how much they all cared about each other, they still lived in a time where this simply wasn't allowed.

In order to avoid suspicion, especially for the boys, so they'd announced that Steve and Nancy were together, and so was Jonathan and Kali. While the four of them had been friends, this gave them an excuse to constantly be seen together. If it was just Nancy and Kali somewhere, they figured that they were waiting for Jonathan and Steve. Or if Steve and Jonathan were somewhere, trying on clothes or buying beer and cigarettes, it was assumed, it would be for their girlfriends, and unfortunately that was the way it had to be. The four of them didn't mind hanging out together, it was fun. There were no boundaries between them, as their couldn't really be, being the only gay teens in their town, and best friends.

For example, if Steve's parents would be out of town, instead of throwing parties like he'd used to, he'd invite the girls and Jonathan over. Sometimes they'd watch a movie yeah, or get high and make brownies, they'd play drinking games or card games or dance to music, but what Steve's empty house really meant was a safe place to fuck. Kali and Nancy could practically move in to the spare bedroom if they wanted, and Nancy had taken to leaving spare toiletries and clothes over there. Steve's parents loved Nancy, and it had been forever since a relative had visited, and Steve had told them about a hard time Nancy had been having lately. Not only that, but if Nancy was sleeping in the spare bedroom, that meant she wasn't sleeping in Steve's.

Steve's parents were in town, along with everyone else's, so they were at the diner on a date. Even though Kali's hand rests hotly on

Nancy's thigh, or Steve's palm is sweaty because his fingers are linked with Jonathan's, it's not exactly the same. It's still fun, of course it is. Nancy's playing with Kali's hair and begging her for the fifth time to help color it. Kali's dipping her fries in Nancy's milkshake to her horror, but Kali still wants to lean in and kiss Nancy's lip gloss off her soft lips. Steve is eating more cheese fries than Jonathan, licking his fingers teasingly, as Jonathan attempts to eat his burger. Steve's lips are greasy and red, and his hair is starting to fall a bit, but he looks adorable. The air is blasting in the diner, and there's goosebumps on his arms, and Jonathan wants nothing more than to slide off his plaid and put it around Steve's shoulders.

"Hey, after this do you guys wanna go to the lookout?" Steve asks, as if noticing the look in Jonathan's eye.

The lookout is a patch of land at the edge of town. It used to be a huge makeout spot years ago, but the police had blocked it off after lots of drug activity. You could still get there, if you drove a roundabout way and didn't care about trekking through the woods for about half a mile. It's not like any of them really had a choice and it wasn't like it was bad. Jonathan always had blankets in the back of his car, a small boombox and weed. Steve was cuddly when he was high, and he wanted nothing more than to lay on his favorite quilt, high, with Steve resting on his chest, prefferably shirtless, lsitening to The Clash in the distance, and Nancy going on about the stars.

Drunk Nancy never shut the hell up, which Kali found adorable, because she never talked much sober. But she'd go on, on rants, talks of the future, random rants. It was beautiful. Kali would kiss her to shut up sometimes, mostly when Steve had been lulled to sleep by the sound of her voice, and the comfort of Joanthan's eyes around him, and Kali wanted attention from her girlfriend. Want Nancy to straddle her, have her girlfriend half naked in the moonlight.

"Oh hell yeah," said Nancy, "My parents are at a cocktail party, I have until at least one."

"Can't you say you're staying at my place?" Kali asks, brown eyes wide.

"And stay where?"

“My mom would probably be down for letting us stay at my place. But no funny business,” He warns, eyes on Nancy.

“UH! You better talk to your boy about funny business,” she hisses, cheeks pink.

“Oh I’m gonna wear him out before we get home,” Jonathan says, squeezing Steve’s hand.

Steve winks,
“Is that true?”

“You bet your sweet ass it is.”

“Check please,” calls Steve waving his hand.

Nancy laughs so hard she almost chokes on her milkshake, and Kali slaps her back,

“I don’t know what you’re laughing for.”

“Oh I’m going to give you a run for your money,” Nancy says, going to stack up their plates.
“You always do,” Kali says, patting her thigh, wishing she could do more. But then she realizes she has the whole night to lavish her girlfriend in the attention she deserves.

“Boys are paying right?” Asks Nancy, tapping Kali so she can slide out of the booth.

“Well shit, I guess so,” Steve says as Nancy heads to the back corner of the bathroom.

It’s not thirty seconds before Kali stands up, and jerks a thumb back towards the bathroom,
“Um, I’ll be right back, I’ve gotta go… do... some stuff.”

Jonathan looks at Steve,
“Is that we’re calling Nancy these days?”

The waitress comes back and delivers their check and they wait, a bit impatiently for the girls to come out of the bathroom. Nancy comes

first, looking out of breath, face red and lips swollen. Then Kali comes, flipping up the collar of her leather jacket to cover her neck.

“Strategically staggered entrances, you two are very subtle,” deadpans Steve, standing up so they can all leave.

“Shut up Harrington,” Kali says, linking arms with Jonathan, “Or my boyfriend is gonna kick your ass?”

Steve looks Jonathan up and down,
“Eh, I could take him.”

And they head out into the cooling summer night.